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THE CITY OF QUEBEC.

The city of Quebec, the capital of Lower Canada, is situated on a promontory on the north-west side of the St. Lawrence, formed by that river, and the St. Charles. The ridge of land which terminates in this promontory runs from east to west, and separates the two rivers above named. Its general breadth is from one to two miles. Quebec is divided into two distinct parts by the peculiarity of its site. The *upper town* is situated above the steep cliffs, which rise from one to two hundred feet perpendicularly from the level of the shores of the St. Lawrence and the Charles rivers, on which the *lower town* is built. The citadel is an enclosure of about forty acres on the summit of the rock, surrounded by walls, bastions, embankments, and batteries of immense strength. The upper town is entirely surrounded by walls, and can be entered from the lower town only through the embrasures of five gates—that on the side of the St. Lawrence being called the Prescott gate; on the northern side, where the eminence is not as high as elsewhere, there are two entrances, Hope gate, and Palace gate. These gates are on the quarter which is washed by the river Charles. On the land side of the city, leading from the plains of Abraham, the two avenues to the upper town, are named Louis gate and John's gate. Half a mile in advance of the upper town and the bastions of the citadel, along the further bounds of the plains of Abraham, are four Martello towers of great strength, as the outer defences of the citadel; they are so constructed, that if they should fall into the hands of a besieging force, they may be easily demolished by the batteries of the citadel,

A VIEW OF THE CITY OF QUEBEC.

being slightly built on the sides nearest the city. This line of towers extends over and commands all the space between the St. Lawrence and Charles rivers. The conspicuous public edifices are the Castle of St. Lewis, the Parliament House, Court-House, General Hospital, New Exchange, the Catholic, Episcopal, Presbyterian, and St. Roch's churches, and the Trinity, St. Johns, and Methodist Chapels. The public and private edifices of the city present a singularly impressive species of Architecture, in good keeping with the war-like sublimity of the fortress—the walls are of a dark colored stone, with deep narrow windows, high sharp roofs, covered with tin, which brightly flashes back the beams of the sun—while the entrance cut through the rocks, the gates, and the massive walls of the city, carry the mind back to the feudal ages of ditch and moat, drawbridge and tower.

The military history of Quebec, is of deep interest, and confers renown upon the names of WOLFE, and MONTCALM, and MONTGOMERY. The two former having fallen at the head of opposing armies, in the conflict on the plains of Abraham, which transferred the sovereignty of the Canadas from France to England. General Richard Montgomery is remembered with grateful emotions by his country—the United States of America. He was appointed commander-in-chief of the American force destined for the siege and assault of this formidable fortress, in the winter of 1775. He was killed on the morning of December 31st, 1775, by a discharge of artillery, loaded with grape, which swept away the head of the column he was leading to storm the eminence. The attempt proved unsuccessful, and the greater part of the American force was captured.* Quebec is one hundred and eighty miles north-east of Montreal, and four hundred from the sea. The present population is supposed to amount to about thirty thousand.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

"This scene," says Professor Silliman, "which we thought not to be exceeded in beauty by any that we saw in Canada, was sketched from the left bank of the Chau-

*For a particular account of this unfortunate expedition, the reader is referred to Marshall's Life of Washington.

diere river, at its mouth.* It was seen by the mildest softest light of an Indian summer afternoon, not more than two hours before sun-setting; and there was a mellowness in the tints, especially of the remoter objects, which, notwithstanding the grandeur of some of the features of the landscape, excited still stronger perceptions of beauty. These impressions were heightened by contrast with the deep black gulf, immediately below the observer, and a little to the right. This is the mouth of a very considerable river, the Chaudiere, which here coming from the south-east, pours its black waters into the deep green St. Lawrence, and is so imprisoned between very abrupt and precipitous shores, principally of rock, but overhung in part by forest, that from the right bank where the view was taken, only a part of the river is seen. Some idea of the height of these banks, will be gained by comparison with the ships, which here lie securely anchored in the Chaudiere; they are European ships in quest of lumber, and appeared to be generally of between two and three hundred tons burden.

On the right, at the distance of six or seven miles, we see Point Levi; in the middle of the extreme distance are the hills about Montmorenci, distant about twelve miles; on the smooth expanse of the river between, numberless ships are seen to repose, surrounded and tinged, by the peculiarly attempered light, of what I presume painters would call a perfect Claude Lorraine sky. On the left is Quebec, with its citadel, built on Cape Diamond, and nearer a glimpse of a part of the plains of Abraham, with some of the Martello towers. The distance is about six miles." L. B.

New-York, Nov. 1831.

On every occasion, when you discourse, think first, and look narrowly what you speak—of whom you speak—to whom you speak—how you speak—and when you speak—and what you speak, speak wisely, speak truly, lest you bring yourself into great trouble.

* "Remarks made on a short tour between Hartford and Quebec, in the Autumn of 1819."—Second Edition, page 272.

THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES;

ILLUSTRATED BY ANECDOTES.

Strength of the Passion for Knowledge. Pythagoras; Archimedes; Leibnitz; Galileo; Heyne.

The ardor with which knowledge has frequently been pursued amidst all sorts of difficulties and discouragements, is the best evidence we can offer of the strength of the passion which has sprung up and lived in circumstances so unfavorable to its growth, and therefore of the exquisite pleasure which its gratification is found to bring with it. If the permanence of any pleasure, indeed, is to be looked upon as one of the proofs of its value, there are certainly none but those of virtue and religion that can be compared with the pleasures of intellectual exertion. Nor is successful study without its moments, too, of as keen and overpowering emotion, as any other species of human enjoyment is capable of yielding. We have already seen how Newton was affected on approaching the completion of his sublime discovery; when the truth shone full upon him, and not a shade remained to create a doubt that it was indeed the truth which he had found and upon which he was gazing. Every other discoverer, or inventor, or creator of any of the great works of literature or art, has had, doubtless, his moments of similar ecstasy. The ancient Greek philosopher PYTHAGORAS is said to have been the first who found out, or at least demonstrated, the great geometrical truth that the square described on the hypothenuse, or side opposite to the right angle of a right-angled triangle, is exactly equal in area to the two squares described on the other two sides; and such was his joy, we are told, on the occasion, that he offered up a hecatomb, or sacrifice of a hundred oxen, to the gods, in testimony of his gratitude and exultation. When ARCHIMEDES, the most celebrated geometer of antiquity, discovered the method of ascertaining the specific gravities of different substances, or the comparative weights of equal bulks of each, he is said to have rushed forth naked from the bath in which he chanced to be when the idea suggested itself to him, and to have run about in that state through the streets of Syracuse, exclaiming, *I have found it, I have found it!* And no better example,

by the way, can be given than is afforded by this anecdote, of the manner in which the most common and apparently insignificant fact will sometimes yield to the contemplation of genius the richest produce of philosophy. We extract an account of the circumstance from the Treatise on Hydrostatics, in the Library of Useful Knowledge:—

"The proposition which forms the foundation of this branch of Hydrostatics, that a solid plunged in a fluid displaces a quantity of the fluid equal to its bulk, was discovered by Archimedes, one of the greatest mathematicians of ancient times, in consequence of Hiero, king of Syracuse, his friend and patron, and himself an eminent philosopher, and, it needs hardly to be added, a virtuous and patriotic prince, having set him a problem to solve upon the adulteration of metals. Hiero had given a certain quantity of gold to an artist to make into a crown, and suspecting, from the lightness of the crown, that some silver had been used in making it, he begged Archimedes to investigate the matter. It is said that while this great man was intent upon the question, he chanced to observe, in bathing, the water which ran over the sides of the bath; and immediately perceiving that, as the water was equal to the bulk of his body, this would furnish him with the means of detecting the adulteration, by trying how much water a certain weight of silver displaced, how much a certain weight of gold, and how much a certain mixture of the two, he rushed out of the chamber, exclaiming, '*I have found it! I have found it!*"

The illustrious Leibnitz, when only in his sixteenth year, conceived the brilliant idea of reducing the elements of thought to a species of alphabet, which should consist of the representatives or characters, as it were, of all our simplest ideas, and serve to express distinctly their different combinations, just as the sounds of speech are expressed by the common letters. Without attempting to maintain the practicability of this notion, it is impossible to deny that it evidenced great subtilty and originality of mind in the young metaphysician: and we can well conceive the delight with which such a conception must have been contemplated by a spirit like his, ardent in the

pursuit both of knowledge and of distinction; and beholding, as it were, in this dazzling speculation a new and untraversed continent of thought, wherein it might spend its first strength, and raise for itself immortal trophies. In a production, written many years after—his paper on a universal language—Leibnitz himself describes to us what he calls the infantine joy which this idea brought with it, when it first suggested itself to him, filling his mind, as it did, with the hope of the great discoveries to which it promised to conduct him; and although, in the multiplicity of his subsequent pursuits, he had never been able to accomplish the high enterprise which he had so early planned, he declares that the deeper he had carried his reflections and inquiries, he had only become the more convinced of its practicability. Such allurement is there even in the veiled countenance of a new truth! But beyond all, perhaps, that a discoverer ever felt, must have been the surprise and delight of Galileo when, having turned for the first time to the heavens, the wonderful instrument which his own ingenuity had invented, he beheld that crowd of splendors which had never before revealed themselves to the eye, nor even been dreamed of by the imagination of man. While Galileo resided at Venice, a report was brought to that city that a Dutchman had presented to Count Maurice of Nassau an instrument, by means of which distant objects were made to appear as if they were near; and this was all that the rumor stated. But it was enough for Galileo. The philosopher immediately set himself to work to find out by what means the thing must have been effected; and in the course of a few hours satisfied himself that, by a certain arrangement of spherical glasses, he could repeat the new miracle. In the course of two or three days he presented several telescopes to the Senate of Venice, accompanied with a memoir on the immense importance of the instrument to science, and especially to astronomy. He afterwards greatly improved his invention; and brought it to such a state of perfection, that he was in a condition to commence, by means of it, the examination of the heavens. It was then that, to his unutterable astonishment, he saw, as a celebrated French astronomer has expressed

it, "what no mortal before that moment had seen—the surface of the moon, like another earth, ridged by high mountains, and furrowed by deep valleys—Venus, as well as it, presenting phases demonstrative of a spherical form; Jupiter, surrounded by four satellites, which accompanied him in his orbit; the milky way; the nebulæ; finally, the whole heaven sown over with an infinite multitude of stars, too small to be discerned by the naked eye."* Milton, who had seen Galileo, described, nearly half a century after the invention, some of the wonders thus laid open by the telescope:—

> "The moon, whose orb,
> Through optic glass, the Tuscan artist views
> At evening from the top of Fesole,
> Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
> Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe."

A few days were spent by Galileo in rapidly reviewing the successive wonders that presented themselves to him; and then he proceeded to announce his discoveries to the world by the publication of a paper, which he entitled the *Nuncius Sidereus*, or *Herald of the Heavens*, which he continued from time to time, as he found new objects to describe. From this period the examination of the heavens became the sole object of Galileo's thoughts, and the occupation of his life. He wrote, he talked, of nothing else.

Every mind which is yet a stranger to science is, in some respects, in the same situation with that of Galileo, before he turned his telescope to the heavens; and such a mind has a world of wonders to learn, many of which are as extraordinary as those which then revealed themselves to the philosopher. It has, in fact, to behold all that he beheld;—not certainly, like him, for the first time that any one of the human race had been admitted to that high privilege, but yet for the first time, too, in so far as itself alone is concerned. The consciousness of discovery was Galileo's alone; the novelty and sublimity of the sight remain the same for all by whom it has been yet unenjoyed. And so it is with every other sort of knowledge. Although it may have been in reality dis-

* "Life of Galileo, by Biot," in the *Biographie Universelle*.

covered for the first time a thousand years ago, it remains as new a pleasure as if it had only been found out yesterday, for him who has not yet acquired it. Such pleasures, in truth, are the only ones that admit of being indefinitely multiplied. The enjoyments of sense, to say nothing of their comparatively short endurance, their certainty to pall upon repetition, and the positively injurious and destroying tendency of many of them, are, from the nature of things, necessarily limited in point of number; for the senses themselves are but few, and no one of them has many varieties of enjoyment to communicate. What are even the highest pleasures brought us by the eye, or the ear, apart from that character which they derive from the moral or intellectual associations they awaken? Momentary excitements for the child, but hardly the gratifications even of a moment to the man—as is abundantly evidenced by the case of many a one in whom the mere corporeal organ is as perfect as usual, but who, nevertheless, hardly receives from it any pleasure worth naming, owing to the uncultivated state of those mental faculties, which are truly the great creators and bestowers of human happiness. But when did we hear of any one who, having fairly commenced the pursuit of literature or science, ever became tired of it; or would not have gladly devoted his whole life to it, if he could? There may be other passions to which men will deliver themselves up, in the first instance, with greater precipitation and impetuosity; there is none, assuredly, which will engage them so long, or eventually absorb their whole thoughts so thoroughly, as the passion for knowledge. We have numberless instances of persons, in every rank of life, who, for the sake of gratifying it, have contended with, and overcome, such difficulties and impediments of all sorts as certainly would have worn out the strength of almost any other impulse with which we are acquainted. But this is an impulse which, we may venture to affirm, when once truly awakened, no discouragements that the most unfavorable circumstances have interposed have ever been able effectually to subdue.

The late Professor Heyne, of Gottingen, was one of the greatest classical scholars of his own or of any age,

and during his latter days enjoyed a degree of distinction, both in his own country and throughout Europe, of which scarcely any contemporary name, in the same department of literature, could boast. Yet he had spent the first thirty-two or thirty-three years of his life, not only in obscurity, but in an almost incessant struggle with the most depressing poverty. He had been born, indeed, amidst the miseries of the lowest indigence, his father being a poor weaver, with a large family, for whom his best exertions were often unable to provide bread. In the 'Memoirs of his own Life,' Heyne says, "Want was the earliest companion of my childhood. I well remember the painful impressions made on my mind by witnessing the distress of my mother when without food for her children. How often have I seen her, on a Saturday evening, weeping and wringing her hands, as she returned home from an unsuccessful effort to sell the goods which the daily and nightly toil of my father had manufactured!"

CABINET OF NATURE.

TWO SCENES IN VIRGINIA—WARE'S CAVE.*

[Concluded from page 270.]

About three days' ride from the Natural Bridge brought us to a little place called Port Republic, about twenty miles from the town of Staunton. Here we prepared ourselves to visit another curiosity. The shower was now over, which had wet us to the skin—the sun was pouring down his most scorching rays—the heavy thunder had gone by—we threw around our delighted eyes, and beheld near us the lofty Alleghany rearing his shaggy head. The south branch of the Shenandoah River, with its banks covered with beautiful trees, was murmuring at our feet—a lovely plain stretched below us as far as the eye could reach; and we, with our guide, were now standing about half way up a hill about 200 feet high, and so steep that a biscuit may be thrown from its

* For a view and description of the Natural Bridge, the reader is referred to the 1st Vol. of this work, page 267.

top into the river at its foot—we were standing at the mouth of WARE'S CAVE. This cavern derives its name from *Barnet Ware*, who discovered it in the year 1804. It is situated near Madison's Cave, so celebrated, though the latter cannot be compared with the former. It would seem as if in this mountain nature had strewed her beauties with a hand so prodigal, that it creates not only pleasure, but complete astonishment.

There were three of us, besides our guide, with lighted torches, and our loins girded, now ready to descend into the cave. We took our lights in our left hands, and entered The mouth was so small that we could descend only by creeping, one after another. A descent of almost twenty yards, brought us into the first room. The cave was exceedingly cold, dark, and silent, like the chambers of death. In this manner we proceeded—now descending thirty or forty feet—now ascending as high—now creeping on our hands and knees, and now walking in large rooms, the habitations of solitude. The mountain seems to be composed almost wholly of lime-stone, and by this means the cave is lined throughout with the most beautiful incrustations and stalactites of carbonated lime, which are formed by the continual dripping of the water. These stalactites are of various and elegant shapes and colors, often bearing a striking resemblance to animated nature. At one place we saw over our heads, what appeared to be a *water-fall*, of the most delightful kind: nor could the imagination be easily persuaded that this was not in reality a water-fall; you could see the water dashing and boiling down—see its white spray and foam, &c.—but it was all solid carbonated lime-stone. Thus we passed onward in this world of solitude—now stopping to admire the beauties of a single stalactite—now wondering at the magnificence of a large room—now creeping through narrow passages, hardly wide enough to admit the body of a man, and now walking in superb galleries, until we came to the largest room, called *Washington-Hall*. This is certainly the most elegant room I ever saw. It is about 270 feet in length, about 35 in width, and from between 30 and 40 feet high. The roof and sides are very beautifully adorned by the tinsels, which

nature has bestowed in the greatest profusion, and which sparkle like the diamond, while surveyed by the light of torches. The floor is flat, and smooth, and solid. I was foremost of our little party in entering this room and was not a little startled on approaching the centre, and by my small light seeing a figure, as it were, rising up before me out of the solid rock. It was not far from seven feet high, and corresponded in every respect to the common idea of a ghost. It was very white, and resembled a tall man clothed in a shroud. I went up to it sideways, though I did not really expect to meet a spectre in a place like this. On examination, I found it was a very beautiful piece of the carbonate of lime, very transparent, and very much in the shape of a man. This is called *Washington's Statue.*

Here an accident happened which might have been serious. One of our party had purposely extinguished his light, lest we should not have enough to last. My companion, also, accidentally put out his light, and in sport came and blew out mine. We were now about 1600 feet from daylight, with but one feeble light, which the falling water might in a moment have extinguished. Add to this, that the person who held this light was at some distance viewing some falling water. "Conticuere omnes, intentique ora tenebant." We, however, once more lighted our torches; but had we not been able to do so, we might, at our leisure, have contemplated the gloominess of the cavern, for no one would have come to us till the next day. In one room we found an excellent spring of water, which boiled up, slaked our thirst, sunk again into the mountain, and was seen no more. In another room was a noble pillar, called the *Tower of Babel.* It is composed entirely of the stalactites of lime, or, as the appearance would seem to suggest, of petrified water. It is about 30 feet in diameter, and a little more than 90 in circumference, and not far from 30 feet high. It would appear as if there must be many millions of stalactites in this one pillar.

Thus we wandered in this world within a world, till we had visited *twelve* very beautiful rooms, and as many creeping places, and had now arrived at the end—a distance from our entrance of between twenty-four and

twenty-five hundred feet; or, what is about its equal, *half a mile* from the mouth. We here found ourselves exceedingly fatigued; but our torches forbade us to tarry, and we once more turned our lingering steps towards the common world. When arrived once more at Washington-Hall, one of our company three times discharged a pistol—the report was truly deafening. It was as loud as any cannon I ever heard, and as its sound reverberated and echoed through one room after another till it died away in distance, it seemed like the fancied moanings of spirits. We continued our wandering steps till we arrived once more at daylight, having been nearly three hours in the cavern. We were much fatigued, covered with dirt, and a cold sweat; yet we regretted to leave it. From the further end of the cave I gathered some handsome stalactites, which I put into my portmanteau and preserved as mementos of that day's visit.

In contrasting the Natural Bridge and the Cave together, as objects of curiosity, we find comparison difficult. Many consider the *Bridge* as the greatest curiosity, but I think the *Cavern* is. In looking at the bridge we are filled with fear; at the cavern with delight. At the bridge we have several views that are awful; at the cave hundreds that are pleasing. At the bridge you stand, and look, and feel absorbed in astonishment; at the cave awfulness is lost in beauty, and grandeur is dressed in a thousand captivating forms. At the bridge you feel yourself to be looking into another world, at the cave you find yourself already arrived there. The one presents us a God who is very "wonderful in working;" the other exhibits the same power, but with it is mingled loveliness in a thousand forms. In each is vastness. Greatness constitutes the whole of one; but the other is elegant, as well as great. They are both certainly very great natural curiosities. Of each we must retain lively impressions; and to witness such displays of the Creator's power, must ever be considered as among the most humbling events of our lives. While viewing scenes like these, we involuntarily exalt the energy of creating power, and shrink under the thoughts of our own insignificance. These mighty works are admirably well calculated to impress us deeply with a sense of the omni-

potence of God, who can exhibit, between two mountains, an almost fathomless abyss; or fill the bowels of a third with beauties, that man, with all the aid of art, can only admire, but never imitate.

THE ANCIENT AND MODERN HISTORY OF NATIONS.

Of the ROMAN STATE, *from the Destruction of the regal Government to the burning of Rome by the Gauls.*

(Continued from page 198.)

The regal power in Rome being overthrown, a form of government nominally republican was substituted. Instead of a king two annual magistrates, whom they called consuls, were chosen. Brutus, who, from the share he took in driving Tarquin from his throne, has generally been styled the deliverer of his country, and Tarquinius Collatinus, were the first consuls in Rome. From the period of Tarquin's banishment the Romans became more sensible of their consequence; and so jealous were they of their independence and newly acquired liberties that Collatinus, who, had been animated in the assertion of their freedom, was banished from the city, because he bore the name, and was of the family of the tyrant. Brutus made the people swear that they never would again submit to kingly authority; but the first who violated their oaths were his own family. His sons conspired with the Tuscan ambassador to restore the Tarquin family. Their designs were discovered by a slave, who immediately acquainted the consuls with the circumstances of the plot. The young men were brought before the tribunal, at which Brutus presided as judge. No situation could be more affecting than that of the Roman consul; impelled by justice to condemn the guilty, and by nature to spare his sons. They pleaded nothing in their own defence, but with conscious guilt awaited their sentence in silence and agony. The other judges who were present felt all the pangs of nature: some of them strongly inclined to mercy, but Brutus was inflexible; he pronounced the awful sentence, and himself saw it strictly executed.

> ——————Methinks I see
> The ELDER BRUTUS, venerable man!
> Parent and judge; hard fate! to join two names
> That must for ever jar; but yet, behold,
> To one great cause still constant, he disclaims
> All partial ties, proud only to be call'd
> THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY.
>
> *Ancient and Modern Rome.*

All Tarquin's hopes of an insurrection being baffled, he resolved to force himself upon his former throne by foreign assistance: for this purpose he engaged several of the neighboring states to afford him the necessary aid. During these struggles we have several instances of heroism recorded, which are highly honorable to the individuals who achieved them, and deserve to be impressed upon every mind. Our limits will allow us to mention only a single fact.

In contending with Porsenna, king of Etruria, the republic was exposed to the severest disasters; the consuls at the head of the army were carried from the field of battle wounded, and the Romans were flying in all directions, and in the greatest consternation. All appeared to be lost, when Horatius Cocles, who had been placed as sentinel to defend the bridge leading to the city, opposed himself to the enemy, and, assisted only by two more, sustained for some time the whole fury of the assault till the bridge was broken down behind him: when he found the communication thus cut off, plunging with his arms into the Tiber, he swam back victorious to his fellow soldiers.

The consular form of government had scarcely been established ten years when it was involved in considerable difficulties, from the opposition given by the lower orders of the people to the system of warfare which was carrying on against the neighboring states. They considered themselves as oppressed by the rich, and loaded with debts from which they had no means of extricating themselves. They acknowledged no city nor country which would not give them protection; and by leaving Rome they only left behind them their miseries, their oppressors, and their debts; and unless these were cancelled by a decree of the senate they would not take the field. The number of malcontents increased every hour,

which obliged the senate to have recourse to an expedient, which, though successful, proved in time fatal to the republic of Rome. A magistrate was chosen, under the title of DICTATOR, whose power extended not only over all ranks of the state, but even over the laws themselves. Thus the people, who could not endure the name of king to be mentioned, readily submitted to a magistrate possessed of much greater power.

The dictator entered upon his new office, surrounded with all the ensigns of ancient royalty, and caused levies to be made according to his own pleasure. The populace, alarmed at such uncontrollable power, went peaceably to the stations allotted to each, and for the present they forgot their complaints, and gained a complete triumph over their foreign enemies. Returned, however, from the field of victory, they found the courts of justice opened against them, and the prosecution of their creditors revived with more than usual severity. This excited fresh murmurs, and the people began to meditate some new revolution, when a spectacle of uncommon distress roused their passions to the highest pitch of fury.

A Roman soldier, venerable in years, but wasted with famine; covered with rags, and loaded with cruel chains, sought refuge among the people. His country was indebted to him for a thousand feats of valor, and his scars called to mind the sufferings he had endured and the battles he had won. In the last war he had lost his all, and was forced to contract debts for the subsistence of his family; and his unfeeling creditor had dragged him to prison, where he was loaded with chains, and torn with the whips of the executioner. The marks of recent stripes, still bleeding, exasperated the people; they flew to take revenge, not only on the delinquent, but on the general body of their oppressors. By the remonstrances of Servilius, one of the consuls, they were restrained from executing their threats; and were led by him against an invading army of Volscians, who were obliged speedily to retreat to their own country. Another and more formidable irruption was made upon Rome by the allied forces of the Sabines, the Equi, and the Volscians, which obliged the senate to elect a new dictator, who was also successful in opposing the efforts of a foreign

enemy. At the return of peace the rich were clamorous against their debtors, and the poor feeling the indignity of their situation civil commotions became still more alarming, till at length it was agreed by all parties that, for the security of the people, officers should be annually elected from among themselves, who should have power to give redress to such of them as should be injured, and plead the cause of the people at large. These officers were called *tribunes of the people;* at first they were five in number, but afterwards they were increased to ten. They had the power of annulling such decrees of the senate as appeared to them injurious to the people; and to show their readiness to protect the meanest, their doors stood open night and day to receive complaints. At first they had their seats placed before the doors of the senate-house, and were called in to confirm or annul every decree as it was made. Their persons were sacred, but their authority extended not beyond the walls of the city.

(To be Continued.)

CIRCLE OF THE SCIENCES, WITH SUITABLE REFLECTIONS.

ASTRONOMICAL SKETCHES—NO. XIV.

(Continued from page 89.)

Saturn was for ages considered the most remote planet in the solar system; and it is only lately that another has been discovered by Dr. Herschel, at the surprising distance of one thousand nine hundred and eighteen millions of miles. This planet the Doctor called Georgium Sidus, from respect to His Majesty King George the Third, in whose reign it was discovered.

The diameter of Herschel is thirty-four thousand four hundred and fifty-seven miles. Its revolution is nearly eighty-four years, of our time; and its hourly motion is at the rate of sixteen thousand miles an hour.

To a good eye, unassisted by a telescope, this planet appears like a faint star of the fifth magnitude; and it cannot readily be distinguished from a fixed star with a less magnifying power than that of two hundred times. Six satellites accompany this planet; which move in orbits, making very large angles with the plane of the ecliptic.

By the discovery of this planet, the bounds formerly assigned to the solar system are doubled; and whether Herschel be the uttermost planet in our system is a problem that perhaps never can be solved.

But however stupendous the magnitudes of these globes may be, and however extensive their respective orbits, they bear but a small proportion to the mighty systems of worlds around us. The fixed stars, although in appearance but so many flaming spots, are with great probability supposed to be so many suns surrounded by their respective planets, as our Sun is; and supposed to be no less in magnitude, but only diminished in appearance by their vast distance.

The heavenly bodies present to our view a surprising display of the great Creator's wisdom, power, and goodness. What less than an Almighty hand could find matter sufficient to form them? But what is the magnitude of all these bodies, to that immense space in which they perform their mighty revolutions? The nearest of the heavenly bodies to us is the Moon; which requires an orbit of four hundred and eighty thousand miles in diameter, in which to perform her monthly revolution round the Earth. And the Earth requires an orbit of one hundred and ninety millions in diameter in which to perform her annual revolution round the Sun. But, vast as this space is, it is not such as to cause either the Moon or the Earth to clash with any other celestial body. The space occupied by the Earth and the Moon is but small when compared with the spaces occupied by the superior planets. The diameter of Jupiter's orbit is nine hundred and eighty millions of miles. The diameter of Saturn's is one thousand eight hundred millions; and its circumference, five thousand six hundred and thirty millions. Yet, great as this space is, it is doubled by the orbit of Herschel. To give the youthful reader an idea of the relative distances of the planets from the Earth and each other, let us suppose a circle, the diameter of which is one yard, to represent the orbit of the Moon: then the orbit of the Earth will be represented by a circle whose diameter is three thousand nine hundred and ten yards, or two miles and upwards: the orbit of Jupiter, by a circle the diameter of which is nine-

teen thousand four hundred and fifty yards, or upwards of eleven miles: the orbit of Saturn, by a circle whose diameter is thirty-nine thousand one hundred yards, or twenty-two miles: and that of Herschel, by a circle whose diameter is seventy-eight thousand two hundred and two yards, or forty-four miles.

The distances of the superior planets astonish us; yet they are very limited when compared with the distances of the fixed stars. Let it be supposed that the fixed stars are so many suns, shining by their own light, as they evidently do; that they are of the same magnitude (if not greater) as our Sun is; and that the difference between their apparent magnitudes and our Sun arises from their immense distances; then it follows, that the fixed stars are each of them as much farther from the Sun, as their apparent diameters are less than that of the Sun. Some astronomers have been led by the above suppositions to think, that the nearest fixed star, which appears to be Sirius, is twenty million millions of miles distant from us. And if the nearest fixed star be at so immense a distance, what an immeasurable space is the firmament, in which are a great number of stars appearing less and less, and consequently more and more distant, and many others discovered by glasses, and thousands upon thousands with better telescopes, and in all probability others that escape the reach of our utmost efforts to discover, and which may be as distant from those we see, as those are from us! To form some notion of the distances of the fixed stars, it ought to be remembered, that although light moves at the rate of nearly two hundred thousand miles per second, yet it would require three years and a quarter to pass from the nearest fixed star to the Earth; and a cannon ball, moving at the rate of twenty miles a minute, would be three millions of years in passing through the same space. It was the opinion of Huygens, that there may be some stars at such inconceivable distances from us, that their light has not yet reached the Earth. The human mind sinks under such conceptions.

And yet, what are the utmost limits of creation, compared with unlimited space? A span—a point! How awful and sublime! How great is God! "If I ascend

up into heaven, thou art there. If I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me, even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day. The darkness and the light are both alike to thee."

Eternity thy fountain was,
Which, like thee, no beginning knew:
Thou wast ere time began its race,
Ere glow'd with stars the' ethereal blue.

Greatness unspeakable is thine;
Greatness, whose undiminish'd ray,
When short-lived worlds are lost, shall shine
When heaven and earth are fled away.

Unchangeable, all-perfect Lord,
Essential life's unbounded sea;
What lives and moves, lives by thy word;
It lives, and moves, and is from thee!

The simplicity and grandeur of the solar system must appear evident to the student. He has seen how infinite wisdom has arranged the planets in this system; and that their arrangement secures the whole from any possibility of coming in contact with each other: each planet, from century to century, shining in its own orbit, without disturbing or deranging the order and harmony of the whole.

As it is one great demonstration of the skill of an architect to give due proportions to his work; so we discover this proof of wisdom in all the bodies of the universe that come under our notice. They exhibit the most beautiful and curious order; and the most perfect proportions are observed in their situations.

The annual and diurnal motions of the planets fully demonstrate the agency of an all-wise and powerful Being, who created and governs the whole system of the universe, and "who upholdeth all things by the word of his power."

To give motion to such immense lifeless globes, is the work of an almighty Being. For what but infinite power could have projected such vast bodies as the

planets are, to move at the rate they do; and that from century to century? And who but an all-wise Being could have adjusted the projective to the gravitating power, or the centrifugal to the centripetal forces, so as to preserve each planet in its own orbit from century to century, without encroaching on the orbits of the other planets, or flying off or forsaking the system? It is evident that the divine energy pervades the whole universe, from an atom to a world.

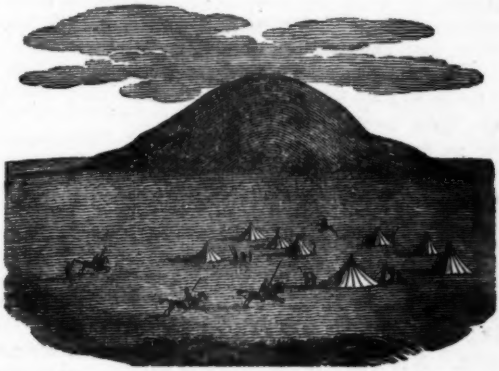
The great regularity of the motions of every globe, is a demonstration that God is the grand mover; and that the whole system is every moment under his control and direction.

PHILIP GARRETT.

HISTORICAL AND PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE HOLY LAND—No. I.

This country has in different ages been called by various names, which have been derived either from its inhabitants, or from the extraordinary circumstances attached to it. Thus in Jer. iv. 20, it is termed generally the *land;* and hence, both in the Old and New Testament, the original word, which is sometimes rendered *earth*, *land*, or *country*, is by the context in many places determined to mean the promised land of Israel: as in Josh. ii. 3—Matt. v. 5—Luke iv. 25. But the country occupied by the Israelites, Hebrews and Jews, is in the sacred volume more particularly called, I. The *Land of Canaan*, from Canaan the youngest son of Ham, and grandson of Noah, who settled here after the confusion of Babel, and divided the country among his eleven children. II. The *Land of Promise*, from the promise made by Jehovah to Abraham, that his posterity should inherit it; who being termed Hebrews, this region was thence called the *Land of the Hebrews.* III. The *Land of Israel*, from the Israelites, or posterity of Jacob having settled themselves there. Within this extent lay all the provinces or countries visited by Jesus Christ, except Egypt, and consequently almost all the places mentioned or referred to in the four gospels. After the separation of the ten tribes, that portion of the land which belonged to the tribes of Judah and Benjamin, who formed a separate kingdom, was distinguished by the appellation of

Judea, or the land of *Judah*, which name the whole country retained during the existence of the second temple, and under the dominion of the Romans. IV. The *Holy Land*, which appellation is conferred on it by all christians, as having been hallowed by the presence, actions, miracles, discourses, and sufferings of Jesus Christ.



VIEW OF MOUNT TABOR.

This celebrated mountain, near Kadesh in Galilee, where the territories of Issachar and Naphtali almost met,* stands west of Hermon, but on the other side of Jordan, and in the great plain of Jezreel. Josephus says, it is about four miles high, and on the top is a beautiful plain about three miles and a half in circumference, and inclosed with trees, except towards the south; but according to Maundrel, Thevenot, and Pocock, one may ride to the top, and it is little more than one mile and a half of ascent; and on the top is but half a mile long, and a quarter broad—It is supposed by some that since the time of Josephus an earthquake may have sunk it and altered its form. The mountain is in the form of a sugar loaf, and from its top is one of the most delightful prospects in the world. It was once surrounded by a

* See Joshua xix. 12, 22.

wall and trench. It was on this mount that Barak assembled his army, and at the foot of it defeated the host of Jabin.* On the top of this mountain, it was long thought our Saviour was transfigured—but, it is so far distant from Cesarea-Philippi, where he was before and after, that it is now doubted by most people of judgment.

YOUNG LADIES' GARLAND.

ELIZABETH—MARY—LADY JANE GREY.

In reading the interesting history of England, it seems not a little striking to find living in the same country and at the same time, three of the most remarkable women that the world has ever seen—Queen Elizabeth, Queen Mary, and the Lady Jane Grey. Elizabeth, of England, is celebrated as one of the greatest sovereigns that ever filled the British throne. The beauty, the accomplishments, and the misfortunes of Mary, Queen of Scots, are a favorite theme of the historian and the poet—and the life of the Lady Jane Grey was never read by any person of feeling without the deepest interest. It is a natural and pleasing employment to compare together those who are held up by fame to the admiration of posterity. Let us then consider for a moment the character of the persons just mentioned, and award to whom it is justly due, the preference.

In Elizabeth we perceive a manly strength of mind; a firmness and decision of character; an acuteness in judgment, and prudence in execution, which excite our astonishment. Few are the monarchs who have promoted and secured, as well as this princess, the welfare of their subjects. But the brightness of these noble qualities is dimmed by the shade of others, which would render disgusting the most exalted character in other respects. Elizabeth was vain—she was jealous—she was cruel.

The character of Mary Stewart cannot be contemplated without a sensation of sorrow. Formed as she was by nature to taste the sweetest enjoyments of life,

* Judges iv. 6—8.

and to be the source of comfort and gladness to all around her, it is melancholy to reflect on the evils and misfortunes of her life, and the bitterness of her untimely end. Unlike the Queen of England, her heart was mild and yielding, full of all the tenderness peculiar to her sex; and to this disposition we may naturally attribute many of her indiscretions. But whatever may be urged in her defence, the crimes with which she is charged, throw a deep shade upon her character.

We come now to a person who presents to the virtuous mind a most interesting subject of reflection. If ever there existed a human being, whose heart was pure from the depravity of our nature, and whose life was spotless, such was the Lady Jane Grey. Consider the beauty of person with which nature had endowed her —consider her age and station in life, and the manners of the time at which she lived—and, above all, consider the particular events of her life; and you cannot but assent to the assertion just made. There is another remarkable trait in her character; it is her love of learning, and the genius she displayed in its cultivation. It is no uncommon thing at the present day to hear of a learned female; but at the distance of almost three centuries past, it must excite our surprise. The Lady Jane received her education with Edward the Sixth, whose age was about the same with hers; and although this prince is celebrated by historians as a prodigy in literature, yet Mr. Hume tells us that "she seemed even to surpass him in acquiring every part of manly and polite literature." The reply which she made to a gentleman who found her reading Plato, while the rest of her family were engaged in hunting, exhibits a singular taste of mind, and a remarkable application to ancient learning. Thus fond of study, and endowed with such genius, her time was spent in pursuits pleasing to her taste.

The melancholy end of so much innocence and worth, demands a pen more gifted than mine—but her eulogy is written in the heart of every one who has read her story. Who that thinks of her unhappy fate does not grieve at the folly and madness of ambition? She loved —she clung to the retirement of private life—she sought

not the crown—to her the sceptre of England presented no charms. Ah, no! it was the ambition of her friends—it was her tender attachment to them, which ruined this illustrious lady. Yet she opened not her mouth, though condemned by the fury of a cruel bigot to suffer death herself, and to see all that were near and dear to her overwhelmed by misfortune, she uttered no complaint. The closing scene of her life exhibits all the mildness and gentleness of her amiable character. With all the serenity of innocence, and with all the ardent glow of triumphant faith, she bade adieu to this world of sorrow, and sunk peaceful into the grave, in the full hope of another and a better life.

DEPARTMENT OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE GOLDEN CRESTED WREN.

There are several species of the wren, some of which may be ranked among our finest singing birds, though their note continues only during the breeding season. The willow wren, with its low plaintive note, is seen perpetually running up and down the bodies and boughs of trees in moist shady places where willow trees abound. The Caribbee wren is called, for its delightful notes, a nightingale, and is remarkable for possessing peculiar sweetness of song in a land where singing birds are rare. The Ruby-crowned wren is a native of our

own country. But of all the wren species the Golden crested wren is the most elegant. This beautiful little bird is the smallest of the British birds, not weighing above twenty-six grains, and being only three inches and a half in length. It is distinguished from all other singing birds, not only by its size, but by a brilliant scarlet mark upon its head, bounded by a fine yellow line on either side. The bill is of a dusky hue, the feathers of the forehead are green, and a narrow white line extends from the bill to the eyes. The hind part of the neck and the back are of a dull green, the coverts of the wings are dusky, edged with green and tipped with white. The quill feathers and the tail are dusky, edged with pale green. The throat and belly are white tinged with green, the legs are of a dull yellow and the claws are very long. The golden crested wren frequents woods and is usually seen in oak trees. Though so very small a bird it endures the winters of England. Its note does not differ greatly from that of the common wren.

The wren builds a curious nest of an oval shape, very deep, and with a small hole in the middle for entrance and departure; the external part consists chiefly of moss, but it is carefully lined with hair and feathers. This bird lays a great number of eggs, generally from twelve to eighteen, they are white, sprinkled with pale reddish spots. The wren breeds twice a year, in April and in June.

It is, observes Mr. Ray, one of those daily miracles that we take no notice of, that a tiny wren should produce so many young and feed them all without passing over a single one, and that too in total darkness.

ODE TO THE WREN.

Sweet minstrel of the yellow bower,
That dimly meets the morning ray,
With here and there a summer flower,
That fades unwept—unseen, away;

Though scarce a warbler, strains his throat
To soothe the heart, or please the ear,
To me thy solitary note
Is still as soft, as sweet, as clear.

No season chills thy tranquil joys,
Or calls thy little breast to mourn;
One theme thy scanty thought employs,
As rolling months and years return.

Thou hast a song—however dark
These ever changing skies appear—
Heard till the glow-worm lights her spark,
The twilight stream, or copse wood near.

While man, the great, the brave, the wise,
To hoary age from youthful bloom—
Though scenes as various round him rise,
Goes weeping onward to the tomb.—

His mightier mind, by reason's ray,
Though cheered and lighted, sinks oppress,
And moments, as they steal away,
Still leave him anxious and unblest.

VEGETABLE SUBSTANCES—SENSITIVE PLANTS.

Every one skilled in natural history knows, that the mimosæ, or sensitive plants, close their leaves, and bend their joints, on the least touch. This is truly astonishing: but hitherto no end or design of nature has appeared from these motions; they soon recover themselves, and the leaves are expanded as before. Dionæ Muscipula, or Venus's Fly Trap, is a newly discovered sensitive plant; and shows that nature may have some view towards its nourishment, in forming the upper joint of its leaf like a machine to catch food. Upon the middle of this lies the bait for the unhappy insect that becomes its prey. Many minute red glands, that cover its inner surface, and which, perhaps, discharge some sweet liquor, tempt the poor animal to taste them; and the instant these tender plants are irritated by its feet, the two lobes rise up, grasp it fast, lock the two rows of spines together, and squeeze it to death. Further, lest the strong efforts for life, in the creature thus taken, should serve to disengage it, three small erect spines are fixed near the middle of each lobe among the glands, that effectually put an end to all its struggles. Nor do the lobes ever open again, while the dead animal continues there. But it is nevertheless certain that the plant cannot distinguish between an animal and a mineral substance; for if we

introduce a straw, or a pin, between the lobes, it will grasp it full as fast as if it were an insect. This plant grows in America, in wet shady places, and flowers in July and August. The largest leaves are about three inches long, and an inch and a half across the lobes: the glands of those exposed to the sun are of a beautiful red color; but those in the shade are pale, and inclining to green. The roots are squamous, sending forth few fibres, and are perennial. The leaves are numerous, inclining to bend downwards, and are placed in a circular order; they are jointed and succulent; the lower joint, which is a kind of stalk, is flat, longish, two-edged, and inclining to heart-shaped. In some varieties, they are serrated on the edges near the top. The upper joint consists of two lobes, each lobe is of a semi-oval form, with their margins furnished with stiff hairs, like eyebrows, which embrace or lock in each other when they are inwardly irritated. The upper surfaces of these lobes are covered with small red glands, each of which appears, when highly magnified, like a compressed arbutus berry. Among the glands, about the middle of each lobe, are three very small erect spines. When the lobes enclose any substance, they never open again while it continues there. If it can be shoved out, so as not to strain the lobes, they expand again; but if force is used to open them, so strong has nature formed the spring of their fibres, that one of the lobes will generally snap off, rather than yield. The stalk is about six inches high, round, smooth, and without leaves, ending in a spike of flowers. The flowers are milk-white, and stand on foot stalks, at the bottom of which is a little painted bractea, or flower-leaf.

There is not an article in botany more admirable than a contrivance, visible in many plants, to take advantage of good weather, and to protect themselves against bad. They open and close their flowers and leaves in different circumstances; some close before sun-set, some after; some open to receive rain, some close to avoid it. The petals of many flowers expand in the sun; but contract at night, or on the approach of rain. After the seeds are fecundated, the petals no longer contract. All the trefoils may serve as a barometer to the husbandman; they

always contract their leaves on an impending storm. Some plants follow the sun, others turn from it. Many plants, on the sun's recess, vary the position of their leaves, which is styled, the *sleep of plants*. A singular plant was lately discovered in Bengal. Its leaves are in continual motion all day long; but when night approaches, they fall down from an erect posture to rest.*

A plant has a power of directing its roots for procuring food. The red whortle-berry, a low evergreen plant, grows naturally on the tops of our highest hills, among stones and gravel. This shrub was planted in an edging to a rich border, under a fruit wall. In two or three years it over-ran the adjoining deep-laid gravel walk, and seemed to fly from the border, in which not a runner appeared. An effort to come at food, in a bad situation, is extremely remarkable, in the following instance. Among the ruins of New Abbey, formerly a monastery in Galloway, there grows on the top of a wall, a plane tree, about twenty feet high. Straitened for nourishment

* The *Tabacum*, or common Tobacco plant, was first discovered in America, by the Spaniards, about the year 1560, and by them imported into Europe. It had been used by the inhabitants of America long before; and was called by the inhabitants of the islands, *yoli*, and by those of the continent, *petux*. It was sent into Spain from Tabaco, a province of Yucatan, where it was first discovered, and from whence it takes its common name. Sir Walter Raleigh is generally said to have been the first that introduced it into England, about the year 1585, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and who taught his countrymen how to smoke it. The following anecdote is related of him. He having imitated the Indians in smoking this plant, at length so much delighted in it, that he was unwilling to disuse it on his return to England; and therefore supplied himself with several hogsheads, which he placed in his own study, and generally indulged himself with smoking secretly two or three pipes a day. He had a simple man, who waited at his study door, to bring him up daily a tankard of old ale and nutmeg, and he always laid aside his pipe when he heard him approaching. One day, being earnestly engaged in reading some book which amused him, the man abruptly entered, and, surprised at seeing his master enveloped in smoke, (a sight perfectly new to him) the smoke ascending in thick vapors from his mouth and the bowl of the tobacco-pipe, immediately threw the ale in his master's face, ran down stairs, and alarmed the family with repeated exclamations, that his master was on fire in the inside, and that if they did not make haste, before they could get up stairs, he would be burned to ashes.

in that barren situation, it several years ago directed roots down the side of the wall, till they reached the ground ten feet below; and now the nourishment it afforded to those roots during the time of their descending, is amply repaid, having every year, since that time, made vigorous shoots. From the top of the wall to the surface of the earth these roots have not thrown out a single fibre, but are now united in a single root.

Plants, when forced from their natural position, are endowed with the power to restore themselves. A hop-plant, twisting round a stick, directs its course from south to west, as the sun does. Untwist it, and tie it in the opposite direction, it dies. Leave it loose in the wrong direction, it recovers its natural direction in a single night. Twist the branch of a tree, so as to invert its leaves, and fix it in that position, if left in any degree loose, it untwists itself gradually, till the leaves be restored to their natural position. What better can an animal do for its welfare? A root of a tree meeting with a ditch in its progress, is laid open to the air. What follows! It alters its course, like a rational being, dips into the ground, surrounds the ditch, rises on the opposite side to its wonted distance from the surface, and then proceeds in its original direction. Lay a wet sponge near a root laid open to the air; the root will direct its course to the sponge. Change the place of the sponge; the root varies its direction. Thrust a pole into the ground at a moderate distance from a climbing plant; the plant directs its course to the pole, lays hold of it, and rises on it to its natural height. A honeysuckle proceeds in its course till it be too long for supporting its weight; and then strenghens itself by shooting into a spiral. If it meet with another plant of the same kind, they coalesce for mutual support, the one screwing to the right, the other to the left. The claspers of briony shoot into a spiral, and lay hold of whatever comes in their way for support. If, after completing a spiral of three rounds, they meet with nothing, they try again, by altering their course.—*Mosaic History.*

An evil mind is naturally suspicious. Anger restrained, is conquest gained.

POETRY & MUSIC.

Written for the Monthly Repository and Library of Entertaining Knowledge.

THE LAST RETURN.

She left her childhood's home,
And with the partner of her joys, went forth
To share the trials, and privations, which attend
On those, who zealous in their master's cause
Count not their own lives dear, but for the sake
Of souls immortal, glad forego, the dear delights
Of sweet secluded home, health, and retirement,
To call poor, wandering sinners,
To the fold of Christ—
Her mind was form'd, to feel acutely,
All the pains, and pleasures too, which
Such a life affords—
Friendship's shrine, had not a votary more constant,
More sincere, than the warm glowing heart
Of her we mourn,—But friendship's sacred claims
Were held, less sacred, than the cause of God—
Though all the social feelings, that first bound
Her heart, possess'd it still; yet Zion's welfare,
Was her chief delight, and cheerfully she made
Another sacrifice, and left those kindred spirits,
And congenial minds, "whose converse, formed her bliss,
To meet the gaze of strangers," and to feel
That withering desolation, caused by severing ties;
But grace, celestial, heavenly, and divine,
Caused her to triumph in the sacred cross—
And when the labors of the year were done,
The wintry season past, and the sweet spring flowers
Deck'd the beauteous earth, with joy she sought
The spot where her young footsteps wandered,
And the scenes endear'd by early recollections
To cheer the kindred band, cemented by the
Double ties, of nature, and of grace—
Thus years roll'd on; and once again
That form was found, 'neath the paternal roof;
It was the last return, her wanderings were ended,
But ah! no joyful greeting now, after long absence—
No voice was there; the spirit, the wearied—
Deathless spirit, had gone up to dwell with God.
That scene was one, which fancy's pencil
Has not power to paint; 'twas at the noon
Of night; the sun that evening, sunk in brightness,
And its rays, long lingered, like the glory,
Which attends the christian's parting spirit—
And as its last beams faded—the pale, cold moon,
Shed down its cheerless light, an emblem fit
Methought, of death, without its gloom—
'Twas cold, and silent; the winds had ceased
Their raging; and with the mournful watchers—

Seemed to listen, to the rumbling sound—
Of carriage wheels, which, at the solemn hour,
Of midnight, broke the deep stillness—
Next was heard the busy footstep, the plaintive
Murmur, of infant voices, and the stifled sob
Wrung from the bleeding heart, whose fountains
Rais'd by mingling streams, burst forth
In floods of sorrow, strong and deep—
Then slow, and silently, was borne, that form beloved,
So often hail'd with smiles of joy—now breathless,
Shrouded in grave clothes, and in the narrow coffin placed,
Its last repose—
Who can describe the feelings, of those hearts
With whom, her own was bound, as on that face
Again they gazed, and saw the same sweet smile
That oft in happiest hours illumed it?
The bliss, that fill'd the soul at parting,
Seem'd to leave its impress on the clay;
'Twas lovely still; the spirit like the evening sun
Had pass'd away in brightness, and we felt assured
That like that sun, she too should rise again
And clothed in stainless robes, be found
Among the blissful throng of ransom'd ones
That shine for ever, near their risen Lord.

A NEW YEAR'S EVE.

"A New Year's Eve! methinks 'tis good to sit
At such an hour, in silence and alone,
Tracing that record, by the pen unwrit,
Which every human heart has of its own,
Of joys and griefs, of hopes and fears unknown
To all beside; to let the spirit feel,
In all its force, the deep and solemn tone
Of Time's unflattering, eloquent appeal,
Which Truth to every breast would inwardly reveal.

"Nature herself seems, in her wintry dress,
To own the closing year's solemnity;
Spring's blooming flowers, and summer's leafiness,
And autumn's richer charms are all thrown by.
I look abroad upon a starless sky!
Even the plaintive breeze sounds like the surge
On ocean's shore among those pine trees high;
Or, sweeping o'er that dark wall's ivied verge,
It rings unto my thought the old year's mournful dirge.

"There is a joy in deep thought's pensive mood,
Far, far beyond the worldling's noisiest mirth;
It draws from purer elements its food,
Higher and holier is its heavenly birth;
It soars above the fleeting things of earth,
Through faith that elevates, and hope that cheers;
And estimates by their *enduring* worth,
The cares and trials, sorrows, toils, and fears,
Whose varied shadows pass across this vale of tears."

FROM LAYS OF THE EARLY MARTYRS.

No. 1.

The iron chain hath bound him
  Which mercy never broke;
The echoes sleep around him
  Which gladness never woke;
No bright ray cheers his dungeon gloom,
Meet prelude to the darker tomb.

His young bride knelt imploring,
  They recked not of her prayer;
His aged sire was pouring
  The plaints of wild despair:
In vain—they dragged him to his cell,
Scarce might he pause to breathe—farewell.

Yet calmly is he sleeping
  On earth, his only bed;
While armed guards are keeping
  Their vigils o'er his head;
And voices through the midnight gloom,
And hurrying steps proclaim his doom.

A tyrant's wrath enchains him
  To die the death of shame;
The only guilt that stains him,
  He bears a Christian's name:
That name—unhonored—unforgiven—
So loathed by man—so loved by Heaven.

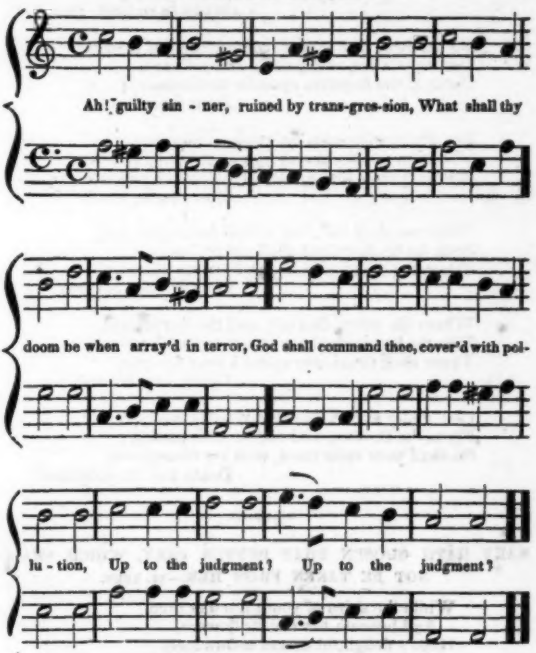
Now joyous morn is breaking
  Bright o'er the empurpled sky,
The fettered captive waking
  Remembers death is nigh:
Yet his firm step and placid brow
Nor sign of doubt, or fear avow.

A quenchless hope shall cheer him
  In nature's weakest hour;
His Lord is ever near him
  With arm of matchless power:
And guilt may fear, or falsehood fly,
The faithful Christian dares to die.

One prayer for her, the dearest,
  His own beloved bride,
In peril's hour the nearest,
  And firmest, at his side:
Then on, without a tear or sigh,
On to the scene of agony!

But soon shall he awaken,
  On realms more bright and fair;
Here lorn—though not forsaken;
  By angels welcomed there.
Where death shall then thy triumph be,
And where, O grave, thy victory?

(From the New-York Christian Lyre.)

BUNKER HILL.

Ah! guilty sin - ner, ruined by trans-gres-sion, What shall thy
doom be when array'd in terror, God shall command thee, cover'd with pol-
lu - tion, Up to the judgment? Up to the judgment?

THE VOICE OF WARNING.

Ah, guilty sinner, ruin'd by transgression,
What shall thy doom be, when array'd in terror,
God shall command thee, cover'd with pollution,
Up to the judgment?

Wilt thou escape from his omniscient notice,
Fly to the caverns, court annihilation?
Vain thy presumption, justice still shall triumph
In thy destruction.

Stop, thoughtless sinner, stop awhile and ponder,
Ere death arrest thee, and the Judge, in vengeance,
Hurl from his presence thine affrighted spirit,
Swift to perdition.

Oft has he called thee, but thou wouldst not hear him,
Mercies and judgments have alike been slighted;
Yet he is gracious, and with arms unfolded,
Waits to embrace thee.

Come, then, poor sinner, come away this moment,
Just as you are, come, filthy and polluted,
Come to the fountain open for uncleanness;
Jesus invites you.

But, if you trifle with his gracious message,
Cleave to the world and love its guilty pleasures,
Mercy, grown weary, shall in righteous judgment,
Quit you for ever.

Then you shall call, but he will not regard you,
Seek for his favor, yet shall never find it,
Cry to the rocks to hide you from his presence,
Deep in their caverns.

Where the worm dies not, and the fire eternal,
Fills the lost soul with anguish and with terror,
There shall the sinner spend a long for ever.
Dying unpardoned.

Oh! guilty sinner, hear the voice of warning;
Fly to the Saviour, and embrace his pardon;
So shall your spirit meet, with joy triumphant,
Death and the judgment

MARY HATH CHOSEN THAT BETTER PART, WHICH SHALL NOT BE TAKEN FROM HER.—ST. LUKE.

While the skies of youth are o'er thee,
And beneath thy feet its flowers,
Hope's delightful dream before thee,
And around thee Pleasure's bow'rs,
Take the gifts that Heav'n provides thee
To enjoy with grateful heart,
But the Lord who made and guides thee,
Oh! choose Him thy "*better* part."

So, when youth's bright skies are vanish'd,
And its freshest flowers shall fade,
Hope's delightful dream be banish'd,
Pleasures's fairest bow'rs decay'd,—
Blessings still shall rest upon thee,
How distress'd so e'er thou art,
Which shall ne'er be taken from thee,
If thou choose the "*better* part."

VIEW OF THE CITY OF ODESSA.